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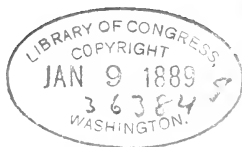
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CHERRIES

FROM A

YOUNG TREE.

HERR CHERRY-TREE.



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PREFACE.

That the all too patient public have cause to complain over the superabundancy of versifications, "goes without saying;" that I should add another ingredient to the dose already indigestible, suggests no little inconsideration on my part, and which must preface the preparation as obnoxious.

But the truth of it is, I have got tired of lighting the fire with similar productions—melancholy, over the fact that my dog should show such a fondness for chewing them up;—and determined that the rag-man shall suffer no longer by like destructions, but be "in at the death" a little later on.

HERR CHERRYTREE.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

I will ask you to go with me up three
Flights of stairs ;—they are steep, rickety,
And it seems a long way up, but we soon
Get to the top, and doing so we
Will enter a small attic chamber :
The moon has arrived just ahead of us
And its silvery beams come pouring in
At the shattered window ;—in one corner
Of the room a youth is lying, hidden
Partially from view by a few ragged
Coverings ; at the other end of the
Room sits a poor wayworn looking creature.
Her eyes red with weeping and fixed upon
The feeble blaze of a few dying embers ;
And this is what she says :—" My prayer
Is answered ! that eternal prayer has
Been that I might see my darling boy close
His eyes in death, ere it stung this withered
Frame, and when death shall force its way upon
This lingering life I can welcome it
In peace, thinking at my dying hour that
I have not left an idiot to face
This cruel, heartless world, and I shall meet
My little family at the fireside
Of an eternal home !" " How well do I
Remember the day when all my trials
Vanished and Heaven seemed to smile on my
Little home ; when I was thanking God for
His most bountiful gifts, the door of this
Room slowly opened and strange men entered,
Bearing in their arms my little boy ! they
Soothed my sobs, by telling me he could not
Live, that he had been hit by a stone which
Would make an idiot of him—a helpless
Burden to a poverty-stricken mother !"
He brought no words of comfort to my careworn

o. m. p., Nov 22, 1926

Head, he gave no helping hand to my dreary
 Work, yet I will miss him ;—he was my boy !
 And, I will miss him when the village
 Bells toll the Sabbath hour, as he took his
 Little Bible in his hand and his steps
 Led him to the neighboring church, there crouched
 In some far off corner, he would sit and
 Look with wonder on its golden edges ;
 And when the service was ended he would
 Come running down the lane in his foolish
 Glee ;—his earthly life is past, and now perhaps
 Each truth bound beneath those golden edges,
 Momently reveals itself to a happy,
 Sinless mind !” “ And when the cares of this world
 Shall crowd about my weary head and dark
 Clouds overshadow my life, one thought will
 Linger with me still to break the threatening
 Mist ; as he lay dying on this damp, cold
 Floor, and I held his aching head, though it
 Were forbidden him to speak with sense, yet
 His face bore a calm and thankful smile ; and
 As I have often beckoned to him at
 The twilight hour, may he soon beckon to
 Me when I shall turn the last bend in the
 Road of life !” I, the only mourner, will
 Follow the pauper’s hearse as it wends its
 Way slowly to the church-yard, where flowers
 Bloom and fade, where crickets chirp their vespers.

THE BEGGAR'S VESPER.

The last rays of the setting sun were falling
 In the attic of a nearly deserted
 Dwelling ; an old man is sitting by the
 Window looking out upon the market
 Place. I cannot look upon his withered
 Frame and whitened hair, without thinking that
 His life with the sun is setting, and now
 Its rays are faintly glimmering—Clumsy
 Falls a tread upon the hollow sounding
 Stairs, a smile flits across the old man's face,
 And his eyes, though dimmed with age, sparkle in
 Youthful glow ; the door opens and a little
 Cripple hobbles into the room. Her face
 Is familiar, for I have seen her plodding
 Her way home from school, never joining the
 Sports of her playmates. The vesper bells had
 Now commenced their evening chimes, and these children,
 One a child with God, the other with man,
 Were listening to their evening hymns ;—" My child,
 For us the vesper bells have chimed their evening
 Hymns, and this pleasant silence, that steals upon
 Us, with the shadows of the night, is our
 Silent Prayer !—let us, as they within
 The distant church, bow in silent reverence
 To one Divine, and the little cripple
 Knelt upon the floor with her hands fervently
 Clasped, gave her the aspect of an angel.
 As the western hills glowed in their sunset
 Garb, so her thoughts glowed in the invisible
 Garb of happiness : the old man awoke
 From his dreaming thoughts to look with pleasure
 Upon the little wayfarer that knelt
 Beside him, but now the curtain of night
 Has shielded them from our view and casts from
 Its folds of darkness the needful sleep.

THE RENEGADE.

Scene :—A wood ; Philip, the Sachem, is sitting near a few blazing fagots, seeming in deep thought : by his side sleeps his little son.

Beneath yon nighted shades, sleep the remnant
Of my little band ;—encamped where death is
Sentry. Ah ! the sainted ones of creed have
Else than befooled me, our homes are laid waste,
Our pleasant camp-fires treacherous comforts !
My tattered force, strewn like the autumn leaves,
And, as the naked shrub yields to the storm,
So, I must bow to their prosperous sway.
The Indian hath sheltered those who have
Made him homeless ! Ah ! he hop'd for those, who
Have filled him with despair ! he welcom'd those
To whom he bids no farewell ; aye ! curs'd be
They, who like the viper seem to fondle,
Yet, move with deadly aim ! Night, has thrown its
Cloak about me, and ere it be too late
I must scan our darksome way.

(As he is about to leave, the Renegade
enters, wasted and wayworn.)

Alas ! what

Evil spirit hath led thee to this wood ?

Renegade :

The spirit of Revenge !

Philip :

Miscreant ! is

Not my wretched lot enough to move thy
Harden'd heart, or hath a fifth sense ne'er been
Quoted in thy frame ?

Renegade :

Dolt ? thy prating tongue
Doth flatter thee ! the name fool quests pity ;
Benighted is he that gives thee such ; thou
Hast slain my brother ! gloat filled thine eyes as

They watched the blood that flow'd from his youthful
 Form ; he who would invoke the blessings of
 Peace ; and thou did'st smote him to the earth, aye,
 Leaving him for the raven's meal ! But one
 More like the just than thee, laid him beneath
 The woodland's turf, where the cypress bends in
 Mournful attitude and the rustling leaves
 Alone pay heed to his sepulchre : I
 Come to avenge the wronged !

Philip :

As the wayworn
 Traveller greets the nearing hut, so I
 Welcome the approach of death ! the resistive
 Abode, that dawns in peaceful aspect at
 The bend of life. Long have I baffl'd the
 White man ; longer, I cannot oppose ; my
 Heart is sad, my spirit broken ; like the
 Wounded doe, I seek the quiet inlet,
 But my blood betrays me. Traitor !! my breast
 Is bare.

Renegade :

How with thy brat ? Dost hear the cries
 That plead for thy return ? Know'st thou that the
 Light of civilization will be to
 Him an Ignis Fatuus ? from its circling
 Depths never can he retreat.

Philip :

Faithless wretch !
 As thou has belied the blood that suckl'd
 Thee, so may that, which thou dost foster, meet
 Thee likewise !

(The boy has awakened and recognizing
 the Renegade, runs to his side.)

Oh ! God ! he greets thy coming.
 Ah ! it seems as though it were of yester
 Noon, that he played upon thy knee ; that his
 Hand was clasped about thy neck ; O ! death ! bid
 The poor sachem pass within that camp, where
 Sleep soothes the troubl'd head and rests the weary
 Fugitive !

Renegade :

Ha ! that scene doth gall my soul !
 Memory ! thou conscientious blab, would'st
 Balk me here ? tut, this is nature's whim. Brat,
 Away ! thy presence would make an oaf of
 Me. Murderer ! we are quits, when this blade
 Shall find its sheath within thy heart.

(He rushes upon him : they fight : Philip
 falls fatally wounded : his child runs to
 him, Philip grasps his knife and stabs
 him as the Renegade is about to tear
 him away.)

Fooled ? Ah !

Flesh, thou drudge to the thought, I would give thee
 Liberty ;—could it be in death ? the night
 To all, wherein the sleeper need not turn
 His pillow o'er ; Alas ! should I in the
 Stead of peace find a hell : whither then my
 Soul ? Ah ! presuming tenant of this mortal
 Dwelling ! I cast thee out ! thou art to all
 A stranger, yet, death will take thee in.

(Stabs himself.)

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Scene :—The gateway of Heaven ;—the guard arousing from sleep.

The Guard :

Heyday ! no one here ! incomparable !
 Never before has such occurred with me ;
 Methinks the fair Mors has been negligent,
 Or, some, perhaps, have passed unobserved. It
 Is true I slept soundly ; and yet, the jar
 Of the gate usually awakens
 Me : I'll see ; Ah ! who's that, his maneuvers
 Are unfamiliar, (Beckons to some one on the inside,)
 Hither ! with thyself !

(Enter John Calvin through the gate,)
I would see thy pass !

John Calvin :

I am without such,
I neglected to obtain one upon
My arrival.

The Guard :

Sneaking it, hey ?

John Calvin :

Sir ? I

Found thee asleep when I came, and seeming
So weary, that I would have awakened
Thee against my own conscience ; and thinking
That I should meet with some who knew me, I
Entered to find every thing very strange !

The Guard :

Truly ! who art thou, that thou should'st have the
Audacity to take such upon thyself ?
This is the gate of Heaven !

John Calvin :

I am John

Calvin ;—more, he who has serviced life for
The master ; I am the founder of the
Baptist faith !

The Guard :

Enter, pass upon the left,
This will admit thee to thy abiding.
(After giving check, J. C. passes through gate.)
Methinks *that* fellow must have scaled the wall,
I perceived a tear upon his breeches.
Ah ! why here gospel monger ?

(Enter Mr. Illhumored, with Bible under his arm, who
meekly discloses himself.)

Mr. Illhumored :

Verily !

I am a preacher of the blessed word,
I have attended church since the first day
I adorned short clothes ; I have with me praise-
Worthy remarks of my ability
To fill the pastorate of the Methodist
Creed ; I have nightly prayed for the sceptic,

The heathen, and have visited sisters
Of my flock when ill inclined ; I
Am very amiable, although my
Name bespeaks the reverse ; I plead therefore !

The Guard :

Have done ! prattler ! and pass upon the right ;
At the farther end of the domicile
You will perceive the name signifying
Thy sect ; this check will admit thee ; hold no
Conversation with those whom you may meet
On the way, for they are members of the
Jury and are now out on a case ; Oh !

(Exit Mr. Illhumored.)

Dear ! I am sick of this business ; I have
Grown poor since I have held the position ;—
Spiritual food may be a healthy
Diet, but never sates my appetite.

(Singing within.)

There ! he is welcome on the beautiful
Shore ; Ah ! that confounded hymn has duped me
Of more rest than it has the Devil of
Souls : Ha ! (Enter a poor trembling indian.)

What unsightly thing is this ? so
Trembling ! who art thou and what hast thou done
That *thou* should'st look for entrance here ? what *thy*
Creed ? have out thy say !

The Indian :

I have done nothing !

I have no creed ! I am uncivilized !
Untaught ! wild ! I am an indian !
Yet, I believe in the "Great Spirit."

The Guard :

Get

Thee in ! and where *thou* art disposed to go,
So goest thou ; Heaven is wide to thee.

THE RABBIT HUNTER.

I am a great rabbit hunter
 And noiseless on the tread ;
 My dog, he is a cooler,
 A perfect thoroughbred !

My gun, 'tis made of finest tin,
 When others I cannot borrow,
 And just the same through thick or thin
 The rabbits yell with sorrow !

'Twas yesterday we struck a track
 And followed it for half a mile,
 And when we came up to the scratch
 We found we'd only struck "a smile."

For there in the bushes so neat
 Lay a pint of the hunter's kit ;
 And but for my protruding feet,
 Dog included, we'd had a rare-bit !

A RAILROAD CROSSING.

There is a railroad crossing,
 Not very far away !
 And the signal gives the warning
 At night and break of day.

"Lookout" is the word that's given
 On the towering post at hand,
 And your chances are about even
 For the happier, better land !

For they are always running
 At an ever heedless rate,
 And the public in travelling
 Are simply making them great !

And when you're at the crossing,
 In the dark hours of night,
 Take a yankee for guessing,
 The bell will not be right !

But the expresses will be coming,
 With their loads of human freight !
 And the bell will do its ringing,
 When it is all too late !

Now it is only a question,
 And to their great delight,
 When we give them the signal
 And furnish them the light !

And when in the near future
 You are obliged to cross,
 A red light is the feature
 On the nose of your horse !

PURGATORY.

We visited the place to-day,
 Where a rumored hell is found ;—
 We roamed along its rugged way
 But saw no Devil around.

We sat upon the great high rocks
 That look the chasm o'er,
 But saw none of his puny flocks
 And heard no streams of gore.

We threw him crackers by the bunch,
 With a lighted fuse on each ;—
 And had he really craved a lunch,
 We were food within his reach !

We left our names to catch his sight
 And sauced him at his cave ;—
 And when he goes down home to-night
 I know he'll wildly rave.

But I'm sure he was not there ;
 Does he get his beer at " Plympt's ?"
 If so we passed his fabled mare
 With two of his drunken imps.

A NEW FOWL-PIECE.

Of sensations rich and rare
I have one to relate,
And though it started quite a scare,
It justly took the cake.

About a noisy little pug
That started well the town,
By getting all his daily grub
In running chickens down.

He killed his neighbor's one by one,
The rest got up and fled ;—
And when he saw what he had done
He merely scratched his head !

The neighbor he came home
To find his breeders dead,
When he sat down upon a stone
And likewise scratched his head !

The dog looked back and saw him there,
Shaking his troubled pate ;—
When up he went into the air,
Just where, I can't relate.

The owner hunted for his Ben
And talked of war and peace,
But Ben had met a different hen
And skipped with a new fowl-piece.

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

These are words we hear every day
 As we pass the crossing gate,
 Only a brakeman over the way,
 Killed by the down coming freight.

Only a brakeman, that is all !
 Lying dead on our coal-house floor ;—
 In answer to the whistle's call
 A member of the down-brakes corps !

Only a coroner, that is all !
 Attending now the final rites ;—
 Only a brakeman, that is all !
 That he in his diary writes.

Only a home, forever gone !
 Only a face, forever sad !
 This is the railroad's daily song
 As they wave their blood colored flag.

Only a stock-holder, that is all !
 Counting now his worldly gains—
 Who reads not of the brakeman's fall
 Nor feels his terrible pains—

Only a company, getting rich !
 In an undertaker's style,
 With a life for every switch
 And funeral for every mile !

Only a God, that is all !
 President of the finest line—
 Where none smash up, nor brakemen fall,
 And they make their regular time.

Only justice, that is all !
 Final statement of railroad gains,
 When dividends take the fall
 And stock-holders divide the pains.

THE MILL ON THE DAMN-SIDE.

A corporation skirts the town,
Polluting every germ of health
By hiring children scarcely grown,
While they speed on toward wealth.

The mill suggests ! the curse survives !
Of slaving children for their gain ;
While social law protects their lives
And boldly will their rights sustain.

The notice hangs within their doors,
But only for the blind to read,
For this is what they tell their boys,
If they to sixty hours agreed.

A lock is on this prison door,
A watch is stationed at the gate,
They care not for the ten hour law
And spurn the orders of our State !

They'd hire our babes when first they creep,
If they could spin the twisting thread ;—
They figure *only* what is cheap
And know the need is daily bread !

Our town is small, but well awake
To an illegal glass of beer ;—
And well offenders know their fate
When they attempt the traffic here.

The mill still here polluting thrives,
Defiant to all posted laws !
And children more will slave their lives
Before they'll fear the eagle's claws !

The mill still rules ! the curse survives !
'Tis twisted in their very thread,
'Twill spool upon their moneyed lives
And follow them when they are dead !

THE BROKEN VASE.

Beside yon humbly mounded grave,
Wherein some form now lowly lies,
A broken vase imparts the love,
That a withered flower implies !

The sweetness of its dying blush
Has sought a milder atmosphere,
And like the soul that leaves the dust
To move within another sphere,

The grave is but the broken vase
Wherein we place the treasured gem,
To meet with that mysterious fate
That claims a wisdom over men !

Lone inmate of this shaded spot,
The solitude of death is thine !
I, too, some day will share thy lot
And but await unfolding time.

The churchyard gloom shall then be mine,
O ! will some stranger gently place
A fragrant blooming jessamine
Within *my* stained and broken vase !

That it may stop some passer-by
To look upon its wilted sedge,
And think as I have learned to sigh
The fragrance of its life is fled.

THE DEATH OF THEODORE BEANE.

There's a footprint for the purest snow,
 A death-knock for the slighted door ;—
 There's a rough impression of sorrow
 That each heart alone must endure.

Each hearthstone has its dying ember,
 That lingers on with feeble glow ;—
 Each fireside its elder member
 That while others stay it must go.

And thus 'tis those that dying leave us,
 That light the pathway to the goal,
 That otherwise would seem treacherous,
 To the weary wandering soul !

For death, like the snow that's falling
 On this cheerless wintry day,
 Is with its mission hastening
 Hopeful spring on her joyous way.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I stood beside the place to-day
 And looked upon the grass grown mound,
 Wherein my dear, good mother lay,
 At rest in death, asleep profound !

I lingered long beside the grave,
 The essential spot, the chiseled stone ;—
 With heavy heart respectfully paid,
 I left as I had come, alone !

But with each step there seemed to come,
 A spirit quite along the street ;—
 That brought to mind my dear old home,
 Now gone ! forever obsolete !

I tried my mind to occupy,
 With thoughts of far different mood ;—
 But the spirit seemed forever by,
 Hasten or linger as I would.

I leaned against the old stone wall
 And brushed the tell-tale tears away,
 Filled with a more fervent resolve
 That I would do her will next day.

And the haunt seemed to have left me,
 As I journeyed my way along ;—
 New thoughts now came up before me
 And gave the finish to my song.

THE GOLDEN SHELL.

A little maid wanders by the sea,
 Gathering golden shells for me ;—
 Filling her pretty pinafore
 Heedless of the waves that wet her o'er :
 Her limbs are graced in nature's hose,
 Her hair is like the shells in glow.
 Ah ! she hath passed, to come no more,
 No, though I saunter o'er and o'er,
 The sands will ne'er again relate
 That I have tarried, I am late ;—
 Yet I too shall go her way,
 Oh ! should it seem like one dark day,
 Void of a light to guide me on,
 Oh ! faith, wilt thou be ever strong?
 And let me take her golden shell,
 To know that it may only tell,
 Of her who has gone before !
 Who leaves me wandering on the shore.

BEN AND MA. °

The service was ending,
 The hat was going round ;—
 And the coins falling
 Gave a musical sound.

It was up to the banker,
 At his ease giving hand ;—
 And he mortgaged a bumper
 On the promising land !

And his handsome daughter,
 With her queenly smile,
 Had folded another
 For the carpeted aisle.

But the deacon, bowing,
 Passed on his way ;
 While a kid sat pointing
 Where the fiver lay !

Still, with assuming grace,
 The deacon held the hat,
 'Till he came face to face
 Before the anxious brat.

And nearly bending in two
 Lending his abler ear,
 He leaned far over the pew
 That he'd distinctly hear.

“ You dropped a fiver, ‘ Snell,’
 The seventh pew beyond ;
 I saw it as it fell,
 It came from Mister Pond.”

Straightway the aisle he went
 To where the fiver lay ;—
 And when he his body bent
 A voice came : “ let us pray.”

And there to the kid's delight,
 Not daring to stand up,
 Deacon held the fiver tight—
 Another "V" he cut !

The mother could no longer bear,
 She made those pants for Ben ;—
 A well placed grip, an awful tear,
 And then the chant, Amen !

The congregation they filed out,
 While Ben and ma they stayed behind,
 For ma had been a trifle stout
 And pantaloons are seldom lined.

MISS GOSSIP.

My maiden name is Gossip
 And I've had many a chance ;
 But I would never swop it—
 Not at the very first glance.

No, I prefer to remain single
 Just as long as I can,
 If my tongue is in the middle
 I wouldn't be a man !

I know I'm not invited
 To the entertainment of ours ;
 But even if I'm slighted
 I know who keeps these late hours.

There's that silly Miss so-and-so,
 With all her airy airs ;
 I knew she went to see " Zozo,"
 And had orchestra chairs.

Why, and look at that new dress,
 With its astonishing plait !
 Now isn't it enough to distress
 Those who try to look neat ?

Why, if she was my daughter
 And I had anything to say !
 Now you know, I'd just walk her
 In a promising way.

They say I'm a great talker
 And heaping full of gad ;—
 And because she isn't my daughter
 I am terribly mad.

Gracious Lord ! do you suppose
 That I'd have a man about ?
 Well, no ! not for all the clothes
 This here town could turn out.

Ah ! isn't that a stranger ?
 Why, who else can it be ?
 What an awful neat stepper,
 I'll just go out and see.

I never was so mistaken,
 Who do you suppose 'tis ?
 Why, it's that young Mister Chapin
 Without that beard of his.

Oh ! I'm in such a flutter,
 These wicked, thoughtless men !
 They don't care how they start yer,
 But they'l never say "when."

MY INVITATION.

I've had an invitation
 To a very swell affair ;—
 And my basket of provision
 Entitles me a chair.

'Twill be a selected social
 For only a chosen few,
 But in the grand old total
 I shall be there with both feet, too.

For we are the people
 And distinct from the rest,
 As the methodist steeple
 Is like Bartholdi's best.

Oh ! society is the stuff,
 Especially in a little town ;—
 I say it's a game of bluff
 Played only by a clown !

Now remember this timely tip
 And take it with you home ;—
 Village eyes are sizing it,
 'Tis for all, not you alone.

But thinking of that invitation,
 That finally comes to all—
 Of that grand association
 Where God alone will call !

Will you be among the chosen
 Selected with the few ?
 Assessors they are holden
 To keep the records true.

For there we'll have society,
 Without the silk and satin flounce,
 And cod-fish aristocracy,
 Will surely get the bounce.

THE ESCAPE.

Dying in a prison ward
 A wounded convict lay ;
 His head pillowed by a pard
 Who wore the prison grey.

Just at his side a letter,
 Begrimmed by frequent care,
 And in his cell the jailer
 Sat, in the only chair.

A little pet canary,
 Though doubly caged by fate,
 Was singing sweet and cheery
 Within the walls so great.

I am dying, he would say,
 To shield another's wrong,
 Wondering he passed the day,
 At night his soul was gone.

And before he breathed his last
 He rose up in his bed ;—
 With his eyes a setting fast
 In broken accents said :

“ I'm going ‘ Pard ! ’—I'm going !
 I've scaled the wall this time,
 I hear the guards, they're firing
 Along the watchful line ! ”

“ Say ‘ Pard ! ’ they'll be suspended !
 They're shooting wide to-night ; ”—
 And here his soul ascended
 From darkness into light !

OUR VILLAGE.

Our thriving village you will find,
 Within great W———r's wide domain ;—
 And though in size we're far behind,
 We take a place in point of fame.

We are a fly-speck of a place,
 Surrounded by great wooded hills ;—
 Where wind and gossip daily race
 And neighbors know each other's ills.

'Twas here great Belcher came in state.
 With title for the infant town ;—
 While Indians with surplus great
 Were lining out the new sold ground.

And now we note our present age,
 When woods give way to stately homes ;—
 And iron rails surpass the stage,
 Connecting us with many zones.

We have our schools and churches too,
 Where godly words do not attract ;—
 For empty most is every pew,
 While rabbits they can swear to that.

We have our great societies,
 Where morals they alone exist ;—
 And none have improprieties,
 As our history will insist.

We have our big and little men,
 Who used to do the town with paint ;—
 But now, they all get in at ten
 Or put up with their wife's complaint.

We have our wills and law disputes,
 Where honest bills will scarcely hold ;—
 And few succeed with good reputes
 While flip and forward stalk the bold.

We have our air-gun gallery,
 A banker for our tid-bit change ;—
 With target nailed beneath the tree
 And trains on wing for finer range.

We have our corner grocery shop,
 Where villagers will nightly gad ;—
 To take their share of home-brewed hop
 And really prove it's not so bad.

We used to have a big brass band,
 That filled the night with mad refrains ;—
 But cats were soon to leave the land,
 And cracked became our window panes.

We have our slim and buxom girls,
 Who think they put the town to sleep ;—
 Who spread broadcast the latest frills
 And really make us obsolete.

In fact we share our worldly fame
 Like other towns within the State ;—
 I fain would give our proper name,
 But we are quite N—— G—— of late.

OUR EPIDEMIC.

An epidemic 's in the town,
 That baffles local skill ;—
 And but for one of great renown
 We'd all be very ill.

A sort of craze has struck the place,
 A seeming ill at ease ;—
 And though deplorable the case
 We have no real disease.

If we were really, truly sick,
 Our own physician he would do ;—
 But if our heart should beat too quick,
 His cure, alone, can bring us to.

For that requires a man of skill,
 A doctor of great renown !
 Who gives soft soap with every pill
 And is helping all the town.

Everybody is on his book,
 With special calls for each ;—
 His office is a cozy nook
 With very shady street.

And the latest acquisition,
 Is one of Hermit fame,
 Who finds that this Physician
 Can cure Rheumatic pain.

He takes us out to ride at times,
 To prove the need of air ;—
 He pulls the wool o'er blind men's eyes,
 But bald heads have no hair.

Our little town is all agog,
 With gossips old and young ;—
 And what a business he would have
 If he only had a son.

A son to pat us on the back
 And call us young again ;—
 Who would care when they came back
 Or how about the train !

By deeds of skill he made his fame,
 And on this "rep" he takes the cash ;—
 And sick or well, it's just the same,
 You need medicinal hash !

Let us hope that he'll survive,
 And help us all he knows,
 For none would care to stay alive
 If up should go his toes.

But should our Lord attend his case
 And prescribe for his ills ;—
 May he remember with what grace
 He took our dollar bills !

THE PUBLIC GIVER.

I am a great public giver,
 On the European plan,
 That is, the gracious receiver
 Must say *I* am the man !

Now, in the city of W———r,
 To the cream of the town,
 If I am a fair reader
 He gave a million down !

For the handsomest college
 That the money could build,
 For the advancement of knowledge
 To the very well filled !

But not for the poor and studious,
 Who are without the means,
 But for the rich and luxurious
 Who wallow in gleams.

For the poor can never enter
 That great bronzen door !
 It is only for the scholar
 With his volumes of lore.

And the name of the giver
 Will be chiseled in stone !
 As a fitting reminder
 And for the deed alone.

The poor are still hungry !
 The sick are in bed !
 But heed not the needy
 And feed the well fed !

And in your donation
 If to make a big spread,
 A college is the notion
 For it stands when you're dead !

AT NEWPORT CLIFFS.

I stood at night upon the cliffs
 That sternly face the Newport sea ;—
 And watched the breakers rolling in,
 And heard their wild, sad minstrelsy.

The moon was in its splendor bright,
 Its pale light falling on the sea,
 That leaped and pounced among the crags
 That moved to sway in melody.

Above my head the palace soared,
 Below me stood the fisher's cot ;
 I saw the scene that favored both
 And felt the wisdom that it taught.

I sit by my window and listen,
 To the sweetly chiming bells ;
 And their melody seems to christen
 My soul with wondrous spells.

And now I gaze upon the moonlight,
 As it fills the street below ;—
 Mirroring fair and happy faces
 And many full sad with woe.

For now, I see a pleading vagrant,
 Who vainly asks for bread—
 As she totters along the pavement
 Wishing ! wishing ! to be dead.

Oh ! chimes, sweet with music to my ear,
 Move her to better things below ;—
 And teach as well the mighty million
 Good and better deeds to show.

ODE TO A MOSQUITO.

Vain minstrel of the evening train
There is no charm within thy strain,
And why persisting wilt thou play
To me, who care not for thy lay?

Away ! disturber of my sleep !
And force me not my vow to keep,
Nor stay to tune thy airy harp,
As though thou play'st with any sharp.

Dull bird ! thy simple touching strain
Imparts more truth than I proclaim ;—
For I have heard that from thy note
The very best musicians quote !
That all the music doth depend
Upon the sounds that natures lend.

How now ! for this audacious bird
Can I forgive the cheek bestirred,
If notes that charm this ear of mine
But signify what has been thine ?

And yet I ne'er can wear the ore,
Though the diamond be its core ;—
So I reject thy serenade,
Although it has a Mozart made.

ARE WE PULLING OTHERS DOWN.

In this world of fleeting chances,
Where we all desire renown,
Do we thrive by mean advances,
Are we pulling others down?

Did you gain your place by merit,
 Have you worked on honest ground ;—
 Unassuming is the ferret,
 Are you pulling others down ?

Are you sure you were elected,
 Do you own the envied crown ;—
 Have you craft and fraud rejected,
 Are you pulling others down ?

Did you win your love by fairness,
 Was your suit with truth profound ;—
 Have you left no heart in sadness,
 Are you pulling others down ?

In this world so great with pleasure,
 Are you spreading cares around ;—
 Have you crushed some struggling creature,
 Are you pulling others down ?

Have you felt the pangs of hunger,
 Do you look for true renown ?
 Rise by helping one another,
 Love can never pull you down !

Lift the fallen, soothe the wretched !
 Let your life with good abound ;—
 All are great with this respected,
 None shall rise by pulling down !

Alone in thought and meditation,
 Brooding over the wasted past,
 Regretting all my hasty actions,
 Promising it will be the last.

Haunted by a reproachful vision,
 Fearful to-morrow grants no change,
 I long for the earth's quiet dwelling
 And departure from life's dark range.

And I gaze upon the lamp-lit picture
 That hangs suspended on the wall,
 The great and only Napoleon,
 Prolific in his sad downfall !

As I look into his downcast face,
 Neglected in his rock-bound seat,
 Looking out into the ocean,
 Another "Waterloo" beyond retreat !

My hopes seem to be growing brighter,
 For a soldier's in the room !
 And my cares are lifting from me
 In the great Napoleon's gloom !

And who cannot look about them,
 No matter how bowed down with care,
 And always find alleviation,
 In another's far greater share ?

We lingered by the shaded rock,
 Beneath the wide-spread tree ;—
 A resting there to dream and talk
 And tented thoughts to free.

We saw the day's declining light,
 Steal softly from our view ;—
 And felt the cool and quiet night
 Had bid our cares adieu.

Oh ! thou calm and rapturous spot,
 Had minds thy peaceful store ;—
 Sweet and lasting would be their lot,
 How great their earthly lore.

Just here an evening bird did sing,
 In vain we tried to end the rhyme ;—
 But gave it up with quite a sting,
 And skipped before mosquito time.

TO A HELIOTROPE.

Stay, guest within my chamber,
 Welcome to the place you hold,
 As are the thoughts you render
 To the dwelling of my soul.

Sweet reminder of a Being,
 Stay, and in thy meekly way,
 Still retain to earth a seeming,
 Warmed by more than Heaven's ray.

SHIPS THAT NEVER SAIL.

In my hours of needed leisure,
 Sad with life that seems to slave,
 Ethereal tends my pleasure
 Though my fetters bid me stay!

Thoughts alike are going, coming,
 Building ships that never sail!
 Coursing rivers never flowing,
 Making time an idle tale!

Though vain are all my fancies
 Scarcely uttered into thought;—
 Yet the beauty of a flower
 Is a painted daub on cloth.

Softly, then, with your reflection,
 On this poorly metered line;—
 'Tis a chord of my affection
 Slowly coming into time!

God may make and rule the ocean,
 Man, the ships that *he* can scale;—
 But forever my creation
 Be the ships that never sail.

THE DYING GULL.

Oft hast thou soared in dizzy flight,
 But now thy course deludes thy sight ;—
 And boldly plunged into the main
 That chills thy heart, that yields the pain.
 Poor bird ! kind death hath hushed thine ear
 To those who know thou art so dear ;—
 Who from the cliff, that fronts the sea,
 Call, call, in vain, in vain for thee !
 And now, thy mate moves o'er thy head
 To turn in swiftness from the dead ;—
 For death's last sleep hath closed thine eye,
 And the great waves that pass thee by
 Murmur a sad dirge on the way,
 For a spirit hath flown away.

I saunter by the coming tide,
 Alone upon the sea-strewn shore,
 And yet forever at my side
 Seems a spirit wandering o'er.

The cold dull thud of the sea
 Beguiles me with that sweeter lay,
 That touched our souls in harmony
 And moved our hearts but in one way.

I linger by the familiar seat
 Where oft I named the stars above,
 And there, again, thy thoughtless retreat
 But moves me to thee in my love.

O soul ! art thou forever gone,
 Or dost thou sometimes seem with me ?
 And do I sit but here alone
 Or am I on the shore with thee ?

THE BROOK.

Upon thy banks, O, babbling stream,
I learned and loved to idly dream ;—
By thee I passed the hours of day
In rudely dreaming time away.

Listening to thy idle song !
Dreaming as it sallied on,
To the little maid with leaky cup
Who climbs the rock to catch a sup.

O ! blithesome brook, how like my dream
Is thy noisy, prattling stream !
Flowing o'er the golden sand
On to its fall so near at hand.

Though ere so vain, the fevered brow
Doth find a balm within thy flow ;—
And thou, Oh ! dream, in youth so vain,
Yieldeth hours to my life again.

Sing, little birds upon the branches,
Merry warblers of the spring ;—
Pleasing to me the varied fancies
Thou art yearly wont to bring.

Refreshing now, thy spring-time chirrup,
In the city's noisy din,
As is the cooling breeze that prancing
Marks with spray the river's brim.

Perplexed with cares that seem to weary.
I yearn for thy freedom more !
And that which I value so dearly
Is but least of all thy store.

• TO A TEA-POT.

Dull urn, like harper of the self-same tune
 That promotes a charm to the old maid's doom !
 Methinks the abler bards have failed to sing
 Of such as thee, meek inferior thing ;—
 And yet, neglecting thee within their verse
 But proves thy gain was with the reverse.
 For left to the elderly virgin's tongue
 Thou hast, throughout the world already sung,
 With note more pleasing to the general ear
 Than sweeter strains, no matter how they veer.
 For who has not mused o'er the steaming pot,
 While sweeter strains remain unsought ?
 Yes, many a poet has sung and gone
 While thy dull unmetered hum goes on !
 Old maids ! beware ! I warn attend the urn,
 For poets soon may have their sumptuous turn
 And vie with far more sweeter strains
 Than thy simple, hissing urn proclaims.

The moon beams forth in grandeur,
As I in my chamber sit ;—
And night is bathed in brightness
While my humble room is lit.

The world 's abed and sleeping
And the midnight guard moves on ;—
While I my vigil keeping
With the old rejected song !

For poets live and vanquish
Like the shadows of a night ;—
They sing, and starve, and languish,
While the world is ever bright.

An attic and a rag-heap
Tells where they sung and died ;—
And Muses paid their visits
Where cities point with pride !

And this is true distinction,
And still the ready fate ;—
For Muses court starvation
While fools grow fat with state.



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